NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 4 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

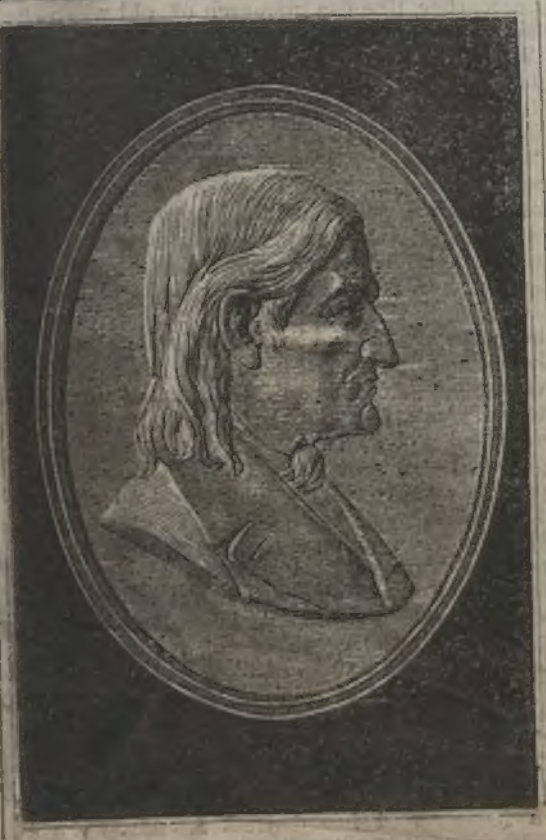
A VISIT TO A KINDERGARTEN.

On an unpretentious-looking house on St. Catherine street, Montreal, I used to see almost every day, as I passed, for month after month, the word "Kindergarten" in golden letters, enclosed in a neat frame. Not being favored with a knowledge of the German language, this word conveyed no meaning to my mind, until one day in reading the papers I came across a description of what seemed to me one of the most perfect, most natural, and most scientific methods of education, and I found that this name was an exponent of it—a garden of little children. My curiosity being aroused, I made up my mind to visit this strange garden where children were the flowers, and some time after I found myself in the building and for the benefit of the MESSENGER'S, "Kindergarten" will mention some things I learned there. I saw a number of little children from three to seven years old, sitting

STICK LAYING.

around three tables forming the three sides of a square. These tables were ruled in squares, as shown in this illustration of stick-laying, and all the children were busily engaged in modelling. Their teachers gave them pieces of putty-like clay, which the children made into all sorts of articles. One boy had a bird's nest, but it was a terrible one,—I don't think any bird would recognize it; another was rolling out a cylinder; a very little girl was engaged on a water jug, and two or three were trying their hands on ducks. It was really remarkable how well they made these things, and how interested they were in them.

If I were to tell all I saw done by the scholars, or one quarter of what they would have done if I had remained longer, the account



FROEBEL.

would be longer than you would care to read so I will just refer to two or three things now. They had several plays, such as a long time ago, longer than I care about telling, we used to have when I went to school,—with this difference, that in these days we were very careful that there was no teacher about. One little boy or girl would get into a circle formed by his schoolmates, who with clasped hands walked around him singing some verse. The teacher having sent some one of them out of the room, while the boy in the centre had his eyes closed and covered by his hands, the latter had to guess who had gone the moment he opened his eyes.

PERFORATING.

Perhaps you will think nothing could be learned by this simple play, but you are mistaken. There was once a celebrated magician who wanted to learn how to see things at a glance. The way he did it was this: as he walked past shop windows on the street to glance at them and try to remember everything he saw there. At first he could not remember very much: but after a little practice he found that he could bring to mind everything that he could see. It is some such education as this that the little boys and girls receive by these plays when properly conducted.

Besides this the children made pictures with sticks, and drew on the slates, folded papers into all sorts of shapes, and answered questions asked by the teachers about them, made pictures by perforating pieces of paper, and many other similar occupations; everything was

THE SLATE.

done for some special purpose, and the intelligent appearance of the children and the zest they took in the work showed what that purpose was and how it had been attained.

This system was first invented by a man named Froebel, whose whole life was nearly spent in perfecting it. During his lifetime and after his death, he was assisted and his ideas carried out by many faithful and enthusiastic teachers, till now his system has spread over nearly the whole world, and is meeting with great success where it is known.

BIBLE CLASS TEACHING.

A highly successful teacher of an adult Bible class was asked about his method. He seemed to be full of his lesson. He questioned the members of his class freely. His questions seemed remarkably pointed and appropriate. He managed to cover the whole lesson in his teaching. His scholars were prompt and inteligent in answering. How was all this brought about? or was it that he was "a born teacher," and did all this without effort? He explained his method, and then the whole thing was clear. In the first place, that teacher studied his lesson. He gave on an average two hours a day to it, all the week through. That enabled him to know something about what he was to teach. Then he took up each verse, and decided in his own mind what questions upon it he would ask. He was not willing to trust to the thought or the impulse of the teaching hour for the shaping of such questions as would best bring out the truths of the lesson. His study of his questions enabled him to know how to teach to others what he had already filled his mind with. But there was one step in preparation yet to be taken. He must consider the different members of his class, and decide what questions were to be asked of each. One scholar was always ready for the geography of the lesson. Another for its chronology. Another for its spiritual truths. Another for its practical applications. Yet another would only answer "Yes" or "No," but would enjoy a chance to do thus much. And there were those who could not safely be questioned at all. So he apportioned mentally his questions, including the assignment of related Bible texts to be found and read in the class. This enabled him to know how to bring his scholars into active co-work. Then he was ready for teaching. If there were more persons ready to do as much work and as good work as this, there would be more "born teachers" in the world, more successful teachers. First, study the lesson until you know it. Secondly plan how to cause others to know it by wisely considered questions. Thirdly, consider the members of your class separately, in view of the part you are to assign to them in the co-operative work of teaching. Almost any one can be a teacher who will do these things well. Know what you are to teach; how you are to teach; whom you are to teach. Are you already doing this? You cannot get along with less.—*S. S. Times.*

A POOR THING TO BOAST OF.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

A saloon-keeper, who was one of his own best customers, was killed by falling head foremost into a well which he was having repaired on his premises. He was at the time so intoxicated he could not be got out before life had fled. There he lay on the ground, a ghastly, fearful sight. Of course all the neighbors came flocking around, and among them a large dealer, who was down from the city "on business."

He naturally felt shocked at losing so good a customer, but he took great self-satisfaction in remembering the friendly part he had always borne toward the deceased.

"I made that man what he is," he remarked confidentially to a lady beside him. "I lent him his first dollar, and set him up with his first stock of liquors, and now he must be worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

The man looked down at the lady with great satisfaction, expecting to hear her praises of his generous dealings. That woman was a "Crusader," and you may imagine how his boasting sounded in her ears.

"You made him what he is!" she said with stinging emphasis—"a miserable drunkard, a pest to society—and sent him headlong into eternity! What are fifteen thousand dollars weighed against a lost soul, a wasted life, a widowed wife, and orphaned children?"

The man turned deadly pale at this view of his handiwork, and without a word went away.

A friend who "sets you up" or "gets you a place" in such a business may well be counted as your bitterest enemy.—*Temperance Banner.*

NOTES FOR BIBLE READINGS.

THE WORD.

I. Sinners begotten by the Word—James i. 18.

II. They are born of the Word—1 Pet. i. 23.

III. By the Word we grow—1 Pet. ii. 2.

IV. By the Word we are cleansed—Eph. v. 26.

V. By the Word we are kept undefiled in the way, and from the path of the destroyer—Psa. xvii. 4; cxix. 9.

VI. By the Word (the sword of the Spirit), we are able to stand against the wiles of Satan—Eph. vi. 17.

VII. The Word, known in the power of the Spirit, is our sanctifier—John xvii. 17.

H. R. F.

Temperance Department.

THE SERPENT IN THE HOME.

In looking over a newspaper lately I saw a paragraph telling how a party of sixteen travellers in Russia were overtaken by the darkness: how, when some miles from the town to which they were bound, they heard that terrible sound which makes the blood of the bravest run cold, the baying of wolves; how in horror and affright they struck spurs into the sides of their panting steeds; how the hideous pursuers gained on them; how one after another fell a sacrifice, and how out of that gallant party of sixteen only one arrived at his destination. What a narrative, how ghastly, how thrilling. As I thought of the moments of concentrated suspense and horror experienced by these travellers, of the tragic termination, and of the grief and desolation of those with whom they were connected, my heart sank within me at the ravages of these merciless monsters. But though we are not living in the wilds of Russia, I shudder to think that we are exposed to a far more destructive enemy than the hungry wolf, but one who would not only attack its victim openly, but also approaches with stealthy, treacherous step and springs on them ere ever they are aware. And how many gay travellers in life's journey this enemy overcomes! Some years ago, in a small suburb of one of our most prosperous cities, one physician alone counted, among the circle of his own patients, thirteen ladies whose disease was drink. How many of that company of thirteen escaped the fangs of the destroyer I do not know, but I would like to tell of one who came under my own observation.

When first Miss Martin came to our town she was a bright, attractive girl. Her eldest sister had married one of the doctors of the place, and she came on a visit to her, and as was right and fitting her friends and she enjoyed themselves visiting all the places of interest round. One day, after "doing" a number of the sights of the neighboring city, and when waiting the time for a train to take them home, they stepped into one of those fashionable restaurants with which our cities abound to rest and have a refreshment. As it was a hot day the sandwich was followed, at Dr. Black's suggestion, by a glass of wine. Chemists tell us of the affinities of certain substances. Dr. and Mrs. Black drank their glass of wine, and, as the saying is, felt neither up nor down after it. With Miss Martin it was different. She had never all her life drunk a whole glass of wine before, and something, I know not what or how, in her constitution answered to its subtle qualities, and she felt exhilarated all over. A pleasing, indescribable sensation came over her. Before, she was exhausted, worn-out, sunk; now she felt light, vigorous and happy. And it is to constitutions of this kind that stimulants are an unspeakable temptation. Favoring circumstances, I grieve to say, were not awanting. Mrs. Black's callers were numerous, and wine and cake were regularly presented. They were asked to dinner and supper parties to get acquainted with the neighborhood, and at most of these also wine was abundant, and just because other people took it Miss Martin did so too. She thought the place delightful and the people exceedingly pleasant, and if in a forenoon she felt exhausted and nervous after a party a glass of wine put her all right. No wonder that when she returned home life seemed dull, flat, and heavy. Of old she used to awake in the morning with a bright, cheery feeling, and begin to lay out her plan of work for the day. But things of an ordinary kind had no interest for her now. She became restless, her appetite failed, and she got pale and thin. Her mother, anxious and alarmed, called in the doctor, whose verdict was, "A little out of sorts—trying season of the year—liver dull—a little stimulant set all to rights." Her father, good, confiding man, at once ordered in a dozen of port, which was to be administered to the patient twice a day. And so the spark was fanned and cherished which in due time was to become the raging conflagration in which health, comfort, the approval of conscience, the smile of friends, character, and life itself were to be engulfed.

I have said Miss Martin was a very prepossessing girl, and, as was natural, she was admired by many; so in a little while, when on a second visit to her sister, no one was surprised when it was announced that she was to be married to one who stood high in the opinion of all, and was indeed a young man of great worth and excellence. It happened that winter that a young men's mutual improvement society was set agoing in our town, and a scientific association, and a total abstinence society. Now into the first two of these Dr. Black and Mr. Bennet, his intended brother-in-law, entered readily, and were quite willing to attend meetings, and give readings and deliver lectures; but for the last: "Well, really," they said, "it did seem a kind of insult to introduce the like of that among respectable people. No doubt there were many who should not drink, because they could not stop in time, and in such cases drink was a great curse; but with the like of them it was different." And when Mr. Bennet saw Miss Martin sipping her glass of wine he thought, as of everything else about her, how graceful it seemed, and how well the action became her. It was but a few months after that the poor illusion was dispelled.

Some gentlemen friends of Mr. Bennet's from a distance had come to spend the day with them, and a few neighbors had been asked to meet them at dinner. Mrs. Bennet had, like other young housekeepers, made great exertions for the entertainment of her guests. Who does not sympathize with her wish to do the honors of her house in a way worthy of the husband so devoted to her, and of whom she was so proud? Well, all went off beautifully, and she had left her guests in the dining-room over their wine; but when seated by herself, with the excitement run down, a feeling of excessive fatigue and langor came over her. As on other occasions she at once thought of a glass of wine. This was just the very time it was needed, and so without further consideration she drank one and another, and so on, till before she knew, she was sleeping the sleep of the drunkard in her own elegant drawing-room. By-and-by the door was thrown open, and Mr. Bennet, in his usual cheery voice, said, "Here we are, Mary, all ready for your nice cup of coffee." But, alas! there was no answering greeting, nothing but an inarticulate sound from the prostrate figure on the rug. The company took in the situation but too well, and all retired as gracefully as possible, sorry to see Mrs. Bennet so poorly, &c. Mr. Bennet was bewildered. Of all the possibilities in life this was the last that could have occurred to him, and there he sat with that terrible, mysterious smile which you may have seen on the face of the strong man when shame and agony were gnawing at his heart.

It would be tedious to record Mrs. Bennet's resolutions of amendment made and broken, to be again renewed and with the same result; or her husband's patience, so often abused and still so ready to forgive. But the most long-suffering patience may be worn out at last, and it seemed to Mr. Bennet that the only chance was to send his wife—once his pride as well as joy—to one of those asylums for the drunkard called refuges. The arrangements were made and the day she was to go fixed. I shall never forget that afternoon. The poor husband was utterly prostrated with grief and shame by an outbreak of his wife the day before, and as an old friend he requested me to accompany her, for he could not trust himself, and feared his resolution would give way at the parting scene. She, poor creature, not only acquiesced in the plan, but earnestly besought her husband, on her knees to help her to get free from the wretched slavery in which she lived. It is easy for people outside to speak, but I do think drunkards are often deeply to be pitied as well as much to be blamed. She had been some months in this establishment when her husband, hoping against hope, removed to the city of which I have spoken, with the view of giving her the benefit of new scenes and new surroundings in her future life, and brought her home. How he congratulated himself, how his love and long-slumbering reverence revived, as day after day and week after week passed and still she stood the trial!

Some time after this I was invited to the marriage of their only daughter. She was one of whom any mother might have been proud, and on whom her father doted. I had been greatly gratified at hearing of my friend's continued reformation, and when I arrived that summer evening and found the three sitting together on the lawn under a spreading tree, enjoying the sweetest hour of all the day, I thought the outward scene a fitting symbol of the inward peace, and caught myself whispering, "At evening time it shall be light." Looking back on the past it seemed as if we had awoke from a frightful nightmare, and were being reassured by the calm and peace of returning morning.

Next day, as the wedding guests were strolling through the grounds after the marriage till lunch was announced, and everything seemed the embodiment of calmness and comfort, he would have been thought a hard-hearted prophet of evil who would have predicted the events of the following hours. I stept aside and went into the house to see if I could give any assistance in the finishing of the arrangements. On looking into the dining-room what was my amazement to find the table furnished with a profusion of wines and even brandies! Thinking there must have been some strange mistake I hurried out and sought Mr. Bennet, to whom I told what I had seen, saying that his orders must surely have been misunderstood. He looked wonderingly at me. "Not at all," said he; "you do not suppose I could let such an occasion as this pass without giving it all the honors." "Honors!" I thought some people have strange ideas about honors. I implored him to alter his arrangements even yet. "Thanks," said he, "for your kind interest; but pray don't trouble yourself, you will see all will go off well." And then, in a lower tone, "Mary has promised me." With a sorrowful heart I turned away. The party had not been long in the dining-room when I saw Mrs Bennet, who had hitherto been acting the part of the hostess with all the ease and grace which in her early days had charmed so many, become suddenly pale and seem to put a strong restraint upon herself. I felt deeply grieved when I saw those around her carelessly sipping their wine, ignorant of the fierce war they were kindling within her. At last she could bear it no longer, and it seemed as if a thunderbolt had fallen amongst us when suddenly she rose and seizing a bottle darted to the door. Mr. Bennet's face turned ashy pale, and when he attempted to rise his knees smote against each other, like the monarch of old when the handwriting on the wall announced his doom. When I got outside the door the poor woman looked round on me with a half-triumphant, half-scared expression, and the brandy bottle, as it turned out to be, was lying empty beside her. I got her to bed and the doctor was sent for, but no human power could save her, and as we watched her tossing to and fro, and wildly appealing for protection from the fiery serpents which she averred were swarming around her, I wondered if her husband did not ask himself if he had fulfilled that vow made long ago of loving, cherishing, and protecting her when he exposed her to what was indeed supremest danger possible, the smell of what, to her, was deadly poison. At length the storm subsided, and wan and worn out she lay on her pillow. Leaning over her, I heard in a low whisper the words, "They shall thirst no more." The pathos was inexpressible. These were her last words. No doubt there is pardon for the penitent drunkard as well as the penitent thief, even at the eleventh hour; but turning away from that death-bed I could not but say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

I have spoken of some of the outward incidents of Mrs. Bennet's history, but who shall imagine her inner life? Sure I am that the most exquisite tortures ever invented by cruel Turk fell very far short of those she inflicted on herself and her dearest friends. When bidding good-bye to the silent and mournful mansion, where all had but the other day seemed so bright and happy, I felt with new power and emphasis the force of the wise man's words, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Scottish Temperance League Pictorial Tract, No.* 258.

APPALLING STATISTICS.

Dr. Scotchburn, Medical Officer of Health for Driffield, in his annual report, after in part attributing the raising of the deathrate to the drinking habits of society, said that "What habits of intemperance do for the adult population, the various compounds containing laudanum do for the infant population. The extent to which the practice of administering opiates to children has gone is something beyond belief, though latterly it has been somewhat checked by the operation of the Pharmacy Act. The certainty and speed with which the illegitimate children died who were born in the workhouse under my care led me some time ago to enquire into the fate of twenty children who left the workhouse in apparent health, and it was found that only three out of twenty survived the effects of drugging and neglect to reach the age of one year. With a view of providing myself with some reliable statistics for the information of the Health Authority, as to the purchase by mothers of compounds containing laudanum, I have made personal enquiries and find some surprising results. Before the act which effects the addition of laudanum to 'Godfrey's cordial,' white mixture, and similar compounds, their sale was immeasurably greater than since the act came into operation. One gentleman informed me that as soon as mothers found out (which they very soon did) that 'Godfrey' *sine opio*—that is without the narcotic—ceased to stupefy their children, his sale, which had reached the astonishing quantity of two hundred gallons in the year, fell at once to fifty, this being the quantity sold wholesale. The present retail sale amounts to about 144 pints. Another manufacturer's sale is about 24 gallons annually, 50 pints being sold retail in addition across the counter. A smaller dealer in these compounds averages two pints of 'Godfrey' per week and eight pints of white mixture. The facts relating to the use of laudanum or the tincture of opium and the solid opium itself are even still more surprising. 1865 one local firm sold 45 gallons, not of 'Godfrey,' but that which alone gives potency to it, the tincture of opium—as much as eight gallons being sent to one village to sell across the counter. In addition to this quantity of the tincture of opium, as much as forty gallons of 'Godfrey' are sold at this establishment in the year. Latterly this sale has dropped to ten gallons of laudanum, which is still an enormous quantity, but it is right to add that some small part of this quantity is sold to veterinary surgeons. When it is remembered that practically the whole of this immense quantity of soporific compounds is administered to young children, it will not be denied that drugging swells very largely the list of deaths amongst young children. Nor are children the only sufferers from this baneful practice. Equally surprising facts followed enquiries respecting the consumption of crude opium and laudanum amongst adults in the town and neighborhood. One instance is given where an adult person has taken two pints and a half in a fortnight; another where 64 fluid ounces were taken in a similar period. Two pints a week have been bought in one instance. One gentleman assured me that he had known an instance in a neighboring village where a pint of laudanum along with a pint of rum were drunk by a female every day when she had the means to purchase it. A most incredible case being that of a young person who not unfrequently purchased, and drank at the counter, four fluid ounces in a forenoon, and the same quantity in the afternoon. As regards the practice of opium-eating, equally incredible quantities are reported to have been taken. An old man, a pauper, regularly laid out the 3s. a week he received from a board of guardians in the purchase of about two ounces of opium, two or three drachms of which he would pinch off the mass and put into his mouth as he stood in the shop; and when it is stated that this represented about a hundred and eighty times as much as would be given medicinally, some idea may be formed of the quantity."—*League Journal, Glasgow.*

DRINKING IN COLLEGES.—The *National Temperance Advocate* (New York) says:—Among the most dangerous and demoralizing obstacles to the progress of the cause of temperance among young men may be found the social drinking habits of college students. The sons of wealthy parents, with a liberal allowance of spending money, often provide wine for themselves and a coterie of friends, and rate as "mean" those who, having the means, will not do likewise. We are told on good authority of one young man, connected with a college well known to our citizens, whose yearly allowance for his personal expenditure is $7,000, and whose common beverage, not deigning to drink water at all, is champagne! With too many college students their code admits of not infrequent instances of disgraceful inebriety—a code which is too often encouraged by the pernicious example of a president's or professor's winecup. That in some colleges there is a healthy temperance tone is shown by a recent incident among the students of Knox College of Toronto. A junior student of that college lately delivered a lecture at Barrie on the subject of temperance, in which he favored moderate drinking. His fellow-students felt themselves so much scandalized by his conduct in the matter that they subsequently held a mass meeting and passed unanimously a resolution condemning the moderate drinking views of their associate. Those young men are creating not only for the present, but for the future, a safeguard of character of incalculable value.

—The "beer" expedient for the cure of drunkenness in Great Britain—an alleged specific, strongly recommended by brewers and other beer advocates for this country also—is shown by the test of practical experience to be a most disastrous failure. In England and Wales in 1860, with a population of 19,900,000, there were 88,361 committals for drunkenness. In 1875, with a population of 24,000,000, the committals for the same cause were 203,886! The quantity of ale and beer consumed is in the aggregate enormous, and, so far from proving a specific for the cure of drunkenness, it will be seen that there has been in the fifteen years a fearful increase of inebriety. Commercial, physical, and moral ruin for the nation will be the inevitable, ultimate end if the untoward tendency cannot in some way be arrested and reversed. Total abstinence only can prove an adequate remedy.—*Temperance Advocate.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37: 7.

EXTIRPATION OF SPECIES.

Prof. Alfred Newton, in an address before the British Association, thus alludes to the wholesale destruction of certain animals, and the inevitable results:

The indiscriminate destruction of animals which, in one way or another, is now going on, must sooner or later lead to the extirpation of many of those which minister to our wants, whether of comfort or luxury. The fur-bearing creatures will speedily, if they do not already, require some protection to be generally accorded to them; and that such protection can be effectually given is evident if we take the trouble of enquiring as to the steps taken by the Russian local authorities in Alaska, and now, I believe, continued by those of the United States, for limiting the slaughter of the sea-otter and fur-seals of the adjacent islands to particular seasons. No one can suppose that even with the assistance we get from Siberia, our supply of ivory will continue what it now is when the interior of Africa is pacified and settled, as we can hardly doubt that it one day will be; and unless we can find some substitute for that useful substance before that day comes, it would be only prudent to do something to check the wasteful destruction of elephants. Many people may think that the continent of Africa is too vast, and its animal life too luxuriant, for the efforts of man materially to affect it. If we enquire, however, we shall find that this is not the case, and that there is an enormous tract of country, extending far beyond our colonies and the territories of the neighboring republics, from which most of the larger mammals have already disappeared. There is good reason to believe that at least one species has become extinct within the last twenty-five years or thereabouts; and though I do not mean to say that this species, the true zebra, had any economic value, yet its fate is an indication of what will befall its fellows; while to the zoologist its extirpation is a matter of moment, being probably the first case of total extinction of a large terrestrial mammal since the remote days when the *Megaceros hibernicus* disappeared.

Time would fail me if I attempted to go into particulars with regard to the marine *Mammalia*. It is notorious that various members of the orders *Sirenia*, *Cetacea*, and *Pinnipedia*, have recently dwindled in numbers or altogether vanished from the earth. The manatee and dugong have been recklessly killed off from hundreds of localities where but a century or so since they abounded and with them the stores of valuable oil that they furnish have been lost. That very remarkable Sirenian, the huge *Rhytina gigas* has become utterly extinct. The greed of whalers is believed to have had the same effect on a Cetacean (the *Balæna biscayensis*) which was once the cause of a flourishing industry on the coasts of France, and Spain. The same greed has almost exterminated the right-whale of the northern seas, and is fast accomplishing the same end in the case of seals all over the world. You are probably aware that an Act of Parliament, passed in the session of 1875, was intended to put some check upon those bloody massacres that annually take place on the floating ice of the North Atlantic, to which these creatures resort at the time of bringing forth their young, when

"Sires, mothers, children in one carnage lie."

But, whether through official indifference, or what, I know not, the treaties with foreign nations authorized by that Act were not completed, and last spring, at the solicitation of certain Aberdeen or Peterhead shipowners, the Board of Trade allowed "one year more" of wholesale slaughter. Whatever other nations might like to do, our hands at least should have been unstained. It is admitted that in certain manufactures—that of jute, for instance—animal oil is absolutely necessary It is easy to see that before long there will be very little animal oil forthcoming

SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

"It must be acknowledged that in few of the civilized nations of our times have the higher sciences made less progress than in the United States." So wrote that most acute observer of American institutions, De Tocqueville, thirty years ago. The statement was certainly a true one then, and we fear that it is true now. Not that Americans are indifferent to the natural sciences, for we feel their attractive power. Both teachers and newspapers have diffused a knowledge of these sciences far and wide, and we have many students of them. But the American brain is far more anxious to invent than to discover; to apply to some labor-saving process the laws of nature which scientific men of the Old World have patiently discovered. Fulton, Morse, McCormick, Howe, and men of that class are our scientific heroes, and they have brought wealth to our land, and carried our national fame to the ends of the civilized earth. Let such men have all the honor which they deserve. They are men of genius; but their genius, though useful and fruitful to the nation, is not of the highest kind. The inventor is not of necessity a discoverer. He finds out no new property in matter, he proclaims no new law in physics which was before unknown. He builds, but it is with materials which other He builds, but it is with materials which other men have quarried out with much toil. If Fulton and Morse had never been born, we should have had by this time both the steamboat and the telegraph. Greater men than they had found out and proclaimed the properties of steam and electricity, and the application of these to the useful arts was inevitable as soon as there was a public demand. In 1737 Jonathan Hall, of London, secured a patent for propelling vessels by steam, and the professors in a German University had constructed a small private telegraph before Morse had announced the result of his labors.

The barrier to prolonged scientific pursuits is partly our national character. We want results, and are impatient if we do not get them soon. We boast that we are a practical people, and we do not think much of theories which do not, after a while, point the way to fortune. "Will it pay?"—that's the question. "What do you waste your time for in trying to find a new star or a rare bug? Better invent a cooking-stove which will sell, than spend five years in trying to discover a new law in optics. Study long and hard, but let the end of all your study be—to invent something which you can get a patent-right for, and which will bring you sudden wealth." Of course, we respect Newton, and Galileo, and Galvani. But had these men been American, we question if the first would have spent a long time in studying the colors of a soap-bubble so as to measure its thickness; or the second would have watched the motion of a hanging lamp; or the third, would have wasted precious time in studying the twitchings of the legs of a bull-frog just deceased. Such studies, we firmly assert, do not pay.

We begin to find out that we are mistaken. Such studies do pay—ten thousand fold. Such men may die poor, but their lives are not in vain. Those who love truth for its own sake, who come to study of nature through love, and not through selfish desires after wealth and fame, are the world's truest benefactors. Let us honor them while they live. Let us cheer them on in thoir work, and when they die, to their memories let us rear schools and colleges more durable than monumental marble.—*Methodist*.

A PROPAGATING SECRET.

Under this head the London *Gardener's Chronicle* says:

It will be remembered that a month or two ago we alluded to an alleged extraordinary secret for propagating trees and grafting roses, whereby much time could be saved, offered for a small sum by an Austrian nurseryman. This gentleman has since communicated an article on the subject to the *Wiener Gartenfreund*. Briefly, his new method is as follows: Cuttings of shrubs and trees are taken off at the beginning of July, from 6 in. to 12 in. long, according to the kind. The leaves are removed from the lower portion which is to enter the ground, but those which will come above ground are left. Beds are prepared for them in the open air by thorough digging and levelling, and afterwards applying a superficial layer, about 2 in. thick, of rotton manure from a spent hot-bed. The cuttings are then stuck in about 2 in. apart and in a somewhat oblique direction. Each bed when filled is surrounded with a lath fence, so that shade may be given when the sun is very hot, and the cuttings are well watered with a rose-spouted can. This completes the operation. The only further care necessary is a sprinkling overhead three or four times a day during the first week, if the weather be very hot, and once a day afterwards. In the course of five or six weeks, treated in the manner indicated, the cuttings of most plants will have formed a callus, and further shading will be unnecessary. Late in the autumn a layer of rough manure, 2 in. or 3 in. thick, is spread over for winter protection. It also serves as manure when the cuttings start growing in the spring, and cuttings treated thus make extraordinary progress,—forming plants equal to two-year old plants from winter or spring cuttings. Very few, it is asserted, fail. The new method of grafting roses is the insertion of growing eyes early in spring, instead of dormant eyes in the summer. They are inserted in the main stem one on each side, to form symmetrical heads. These make, it is said, as much growth the first season as the dormant eyes the second season.

Distribution of Animals by Swimming.—Very few mammals can swim over any considerable extent of sea, although many can swim well for short distances. The jaguar traverses the widest streams in South America, and the bear and bison cross the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that they could swim over equal widths of salt-water, and if accidentally carried out to sea might sometimes succeed in reaching islands many miles distant. Contrary to the common notion, pigs can swim remarkably well. Sir Charles Lyell tells us in his "Principles of Geology" that during the floods in Scotland in 1829 some pigs only six months old that were carried out to sea swam five miles and got on shore again. He also states, on the authority of the late Edward Forbes, that a pig jumped overboard to escape from a terrier in the Grecian Archipelago, and swam safely to shore, many miles distant. These facts render it probable that wild pigs, from their greater strength and activity, might under favorable circumstances cross arms of the sea twenty or thirty miles wide; and there are facts in the distribution of this tribe of animals which seem to indicate that they have sometimes done so. Deer take boldly to the water, and can swim considerable distances, but we have no evidence to show how long they could live at sea or how many miles they could traverse. Squirrels, rats, and lemmings often migrate from Northern countries in bands of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and pass over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea, but they generally perish in the salt-water. Admitting, however, the powers of most mammals to swim considerable distances, we have no reason to believe that any of them could traverse without help straits of upward of twenty miles in width, while in most cases a channel of half that distance would prove an effectual barrier.—*S. S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Hygienic Candle.—The use of medicated candles and lamps is not new, several attempts having already been patented. The latest formula for making hygienic candles includes the use of antiseptics for destroying the morbid germs of disease floating in the air. Benzoic acid, phenic acid, thymotic acid, and other antiseptics, are added to the materials of the candle, in proportion of ten parts of acid to one hundred of the fatty substances, paraffine, or wax used in making candles. These acids are volatilized in the burning candle, and are thus set free to mingle in the air, and restore it to a safe and healthy condition. Such candles are reported to give a good light, to be free from objectionable odor, and to answer a good purpose as antiseptic agents.

Instantaneous Fire-Lighters.—One of the latest proposals has been to light fires by electricity, so that the fires in a house being laid ready over-night, no one would need to stir out of bed till every room was comfortably heated. Even with electricity, however, fire-lighters of some sort would be indispensable, and we observe that a method has recently been invented for manufacturing these out of a cheap and easily-procured material. Turf or peat is taken, and cut into cakes about three inches long by three inches broad and about one inch in thickness. It is then dipped, first into mineral or vegetable oil, and then into pitch, tar, or resin; and the result, we may be sure, is a highly inflammable fire-lighter.

—We have often wondered why our houses, particularly in cities and large villages, could not be supplied with heat, as they are with light and water. We have companies who pipe our streets and conduct to our houses the gas and water we need, so that a turn of the faucet gives as the required amount. Could we thus heat our halls, our parlors, or our sleeping-rooms, the only desideratum for making our houses complete would be furnished. And this desideratum it seems is now to be provided. Mr. Holley, the inventor of the water-works bearing his name, has formed a company for heating the village of Lockport, N. Y., with steam. Large boilers are provided for the different districts, from which pipes, laid in the main streets below the reach of frost, radiate to the houses of the fortunate ones who, by this means, will be able to dispense with furnaces and stoves

DOMESTIC.

Warmed-over Potatoes.—Because only a few potatoes were left from dinner, that is no reason why they should be thrown in the cow's pail. Peel them if not done already, and bake them over in the oven. Or slice them and warm them with bread—which is even better than potatoes warmed alone. This is the way. Put bread crumbs soaking in milk upon the stove. When hot add the sliced or chopped potatoes with salt, and stir all well together till thoroughly heated or cooked. Then season as you wish with a little butter or cream.

Vienna Coffee.—Leach or filter the coffee through a French filterer or any of the many coffee-pots that filter instead of boiling the coffee. Allow one table spoonful of ground coffee to each person and "one extra for the pot." Put one quart of cream into a milk boiler, or, if you have none, into a pitcher, and set the pitcher in a pail of boiling water. Put it where the water will keep boiling. Beat the white of an egg to a froth, then add to the egg three tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Mix the egg and cold milk thoroughly together. When hot, remove the cream from the fire, and add the egg and cold milk. Stir it all together briskly for a minute or two, and then serve.

Thickening.—It makes a deal of difference with your cooking, how you stir up sauce thickening for gravy or pudding. You use flour or starch of some kind, mixed with water or milk. Wet the flour with very little water or milk, and beat thoroughly together till every lump disappears, then thin with more water or milk and beat again. Let the milk or whatever is to be thickened, be actually boiling, and stir as fast as possible while you slowly add the thickening, beating rapidly for two or three minutes. This makes the gravy or custard wonderfully light and foamy, especially if there are beaten eggs in the compound. If you try to mix a little flour with a good deal of water, you will have a long hard siege in getting out the lumps. Salt should be added before the thickening

The Use of Dry Yeast.—Some excellent kinds of dry yeast may be purchased at our groceries. I said once that these cakes were so slow in rising if mixed at once with the sponge that they were chiefly useful for raising new yeast. Not long afterwards I found that this slowness to rise (or to start to rise) gave them great value for summer use, when it seemed desirable, as it usually does, to do the baking early in the morning. Bakers' yeast, or any kind of quick, soft yeast, is so apt to sour before morning on a hot summer night, that a slower kind of yeast is often preferable. I have found it perfectly safe to mix my bread sponge before dark in summer, stirring in the yeast-cake as soon as it was soaked soft in a little warm water, and have never had bread mixed with this yeast become sour during the night or while waiting for me in the morning. I am confident that I know sour dough when I smell it or taste it, as many housekeepers certainly do not. Else why do they make sour bread week after week, year in and year out? Or why do they persist in regularly putting in soda as a necessary step in the process of bread-making? Those who make dry-yeast for themselves should be very careful not to let it get sour while drying. It should be dried rapidly in a good, cool, drying wind. It is unsafe to dry it in the sunshine or by the stove, lest it may sour from excess of heat. It should be mixed with a good deal of cornmeal, and then made into small thin cakes, or—better still, I think—dropped in small crumbs upon a board to dry. Any kind of good, lively, soft yeast may be mixed with meal and make dry yeast. In winter it is best to put the dry yeast, soaked in warm water, rising in a bowl of flour and warm water batter three hours before setting the sponge.—*American Agriculturist*.

A Cheap Carpet.—We lately heard of a very cheap and, it seems to us, a feasible way of carpeting rooms which are not in constant use. First make a good paste, and cover the floor with some strong light-colored plain paper—cheap wrapping-paper is as good as any, only it must be soft and not dark enough to show through. Let it become perfectly dry, and see that there are no wrinkles or uneven spots. Select at some wall-paper store rich-colored paper, not very light—and it need not be very expensive, but should be firm and strong. Be particular about the designs—look for such as would be pretty in a real carpet. Measure the room, and cut the paper in length to correspond. Put a good coat of paste over the whole breadth, and also over the floor, or rather the lining that has been pasted down over the floor; lay it down carefully, unrolling and smoothing with a soft, clean white cloth, pressing it all over on the floor, and take the same care to prevent the air getting under to form blisters as a paper-hanger would in covering the wall. It would be safer and doubtless more satisfactory to get a paper-hanger to take charge of the job. When the floor is all covered, "size" and then varnish the paper. Use dark glue for sizing, and furniture varnish, as the dark shade they give will make the paper look richer. When all is finished and the furniture in place we can imagine this might make a very pretty carpet, and in a room not liable to be used roughly can believe it might last a long time. If there is proper care in moving furniture when sweeping and rugs are laid before the bed, wash-stand and bureau, we think a sensible young lady could make this paper carpet last quite as long as many of the ingrain carpets now in use. Some of the dark, rich paper we often see in the stores with exquisite flowers, vines, and various beautiful designs, and with broad, handsome borders, would make an elegant carpet, at half the cost of an ingrain.—*Christian Union*.

ABOUT INDIA-RUBBER.

When you are drawing, and make a mistake, or a crooked line, you are very glad to have a piece of india-rubber by you, that you may rub out the marks, and try again. At play, you have india-rubber balls that bound from the floor, or, perhaps, india-rubber dolls, or those funny little painted figures, the lower half of which is like a ball, so that when you put them on the table they bob about in all directions, but always stand up straight in the end—"tumbling young gentlemen" we called them in our early days, though indeed, they never tumbled. These are uses of india-rubber that are very important to you, little people, but, after all, they are the least important of all the uses to which it is turned; so we shall first find out where it comes from, and then name a few of the countless things that are made of it.

Most of the india-rubber is brought from a very beautiful place—Para, a province in Brazil, where there are forests, the grandeur of which no words can describe—forests of giant trees, and strange tropical plants, and gorgeous flowers. There bright birds are screaming and calling with wild voices to one another; among the branches monkeys are playing; and where the sunshine comes in there are insects whirling about, or creeping in the warm grass, bright as colored sparks. This is the home of the india-rubber.

When first the Portuguese settlers went out to Brazil, there were many tribes of Indians living in that beautiful country. They were accustomed to give to their guests round bottles, made of a soft, elastic substance. After eating, these bottles were used for squirting water into the mouth, the round part of the bottle being squeezed, and at once sending the water up through a large reed fixed in it. The Indians used the same substance for torches. They made it into hollow tubes, about two feet in length, and these gave a good light, and burned a long time. Such candles as these are still to be seen in the city of Para. The Portuguese learned from the Indians how to get from certain trees the substance of which they were made. They heard it called *cahuchu* by the natives, and imitating the sound they called it *caoutchouc*, which has been adopted as the proper name of india-rubber. The province of Para has now a rich trade in this one article, and though the trees that supply it are found in other hot countries, the Brazilian india-rubber is the best, as well as the most plentiful.

The tree from which it is taken is one of the giants of the forests, growing to a height of eighty or a hundred feet, and sometimes measuring seventy feet round the trunk. From the extreme top the branches spread, clothed with dark, glossy leaves. It is said that tracts of country may be found where, for hundreds of miles together, these mighty trees are growing side by side. The natives come to them with little earthen cups, and, making cuttings in the bark, they leave a cup to fill under each hole. During the course of the day a small quantity (about a tumblerful) of a thick yellowish cream oozes out, and flows down into each cup. When full, they are all collected, and their contents poured into large earthen vessels. This is the caoutchouc, or india-rubber, in its natural state, and by being poured into moulds, and dried, it can now be formed into any shape. Many of the natives are employed in making india-rubber shoes. They take wooden lasts, and cover them with clay to prevent them from sticking to the shoe. Then they pour the thick caoutchouc all over these moulds, hold them for a while over a fire, and then, fastening each on top of a stick planted in the ground, they leave them to dry in the sun. Then the caoutchouc is poured on again, and in this way coating after coating is formed, and after each layer is put on the shoe is held in the smoke of the wood fire, and so it gets its dark colour, and dries more quickly. The caoutchouc is also dried and smoked when it is being made into the large thick slags—the general form in which it is shipped from Brazil to all parts of the world.

TAPPING THE CAOUTCHOUC TREES.

Your piece of india-rubber saw a busy scene in the old days when it was yet somewhere in one of those slabs, still uncut. There were the ships in the river at Para, coming in, and setting sail; and the quays heaped with Brazil-nuts, and cocoa, and spices, and no end of india-rubber shoes—sticky shoes, newly made, and kept apart by being hung from the ends of poles; monkeys; and red and blue macaws, that were being brought to England, were there perhaps; and screeching parrots on their perches, ready to be sent away to the dealers across the seas; and, farther on, baskets of delicious fruit, and packages of coarse dried fish, and heaps, bales, and vast quantities of great thick pieces of india-rubber. All these things were to be seen about the quays when your india-rubber was lying ready to be put on board the ships at Para; and behind all was the town, in the blazing sunshine, with its long rows of white walls, its church-spires, and its red tiled roofs. Close behind the farthest of those houses were the wondrous forests where the india-rubber trees stand, and from whence came those parrots and monkeys, which were such favorites with the sailors, and which might be seen playing and perching about on the masts and spars of the ship.

Well, our india-rubber was brought to England across the wide Atlantic, and it was sent at once to a factory, where four or five hundred people were at work, many of them being girls and women. Here it had to undergo long preparation to make it good enough for use. In order to clean it, and leave in it only what was perfectly good, it was pulled to pieces and put together again. Amid the thunder of machinery every slab was torn in shreds, and having been washed in water, it was spread out on iron trays and carried away to dry in a room heated by steam. When it was all dry it was crushed under heavy rollers. You know how hot and sticky a piece of common india-rubber becomes when, for some time, you squeeze and twist it in your fingers. In the same way it became soft and sticky under the tremendous pressure of the iron rollers, till it all adhered in one solid mass. Next it was immersed in water, and, while still under the surface, it was cut in thin slices with strong sharp knives, and these slices again were cut in small squares—which you buy for a copper, and use for rubbing out your pencil-marks.

Oh, you little people that live now-a-days, you do not know how lucky you are. You have beautiful books such as your grandfathers and grandmothers never dreamed of; and wonder-

ful toys, that would have seemed to the children of thirty or forty years ago like the things of fairy tales; and you have a thousand little playthings and useful helps, that cost much care and time to make, close at your hand, and within the reach of your own pocket-money. Now here is an instance—this india-rubber. You have bought a big square for a penny, and, oh, you unreasonable boy, you have twisted the corners of it into knobs and jags, and just because you find it tough, you like, in idle moments, to see the marks of your teeth in it. Listen while I tell you how precious it was long ago.

Its use for rubbing out marks was not known in this country till the end of the last century, and then it was first called india-rubber. About a hundred years ago, in the year 1770, when George III. was reigning, a certain Dr. Priestley was writing a book on drawing, and he told his readers that he had seen "a substance"—there was no name for it then, you see—"excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a blacklead pencil." Then he named one shopkeeper in London from whom it might be bought, adding that he sold a square piece of it, about half an inch in size, for three shillings, and warranted it to last for several years.

THE INDIA-RUBBER PLANT.

Elastic is made of the same substance as india-rubber. In its manufacture it is cut into long thin threads; and in making flat or braid elastic, these threads are woven together with a covering of silk or cotton. The same substance is used in making surgical instruments with tubes that can be bent at pleasure; and bands of it put round the joinings make the glass tubes used by chemists air-tight. Pipes and garden-hose, springs of railway carriages and buffers (especially in America), shoes or goloshes to protect the feet from wet, waterproof coats, varnish, and a kind of glue that is immensely strong—here are some useful things made of india-rubber, and named at random. India-rubber bags filled with air form the air-beds and cushions which give such ease to the sick who have been long suffering, and need a very soft and yielding resting place.

There is a very useful form of india-rubber, in the manufacture of which sulphur and other chemicals are used, and it is said to be *vulcanized*. This kind is made in two forms, hard and soft. The soft kind is used in numberless ways; for instance, it forms those strong bands for machinery which you will often see in a factory rushing round and round over two wheels, with a whirring noise. A pavement has been made of it, which is strong and even, as well as noiseless, and which is in use on one of the carriage-drives at Windsor Castle. Hard vulcanized india-rubber is called *vulcanite*, or sometimes, *ebonite*. It is not elastic—you cannot stretch or bend it like the other india-rubber—but it takes a beautiful polish, and can be cut into any shape. Knife-handles and combs are made of it, and sometimes curious-looking but handsome furniture. All those little articles of ornament which are made of jet can also be formed of this sort of india-rubber, and thus chains, bracelets, and earrings which, if they were of jet, would be expensive, can be sold for a shilling or two, and it is almost impossible to detect that they are only made of black vulcanite. Looking at one of those bracelets, with its hard polished surface, or at the black shuttle that girls use in their tatting, or the ball that a boy's hand keeps bounding from the floor, it is very hard to realize that the jet-like ornament, the shuttle, and the ball, were once that creamy, yellowish juice shut up in a grand tall tree, amid the balmy odors and the tropical heat of the forest.—*Little Folks.*

THE ANGRY FATHER.

Theon was one day reading in the Holy Scriptures, when he suddenly closed the book, and looked thoughtful and gloomy.

Hillel perceived this, and said to the youth, "What aileth thee? Why is thy countenance troubled?"

Theon answered, "In some places the Scriptures speak of the wrath of God, and in others he is called Love. This appears to me strange and inconsistent."

The teacher calmly replied, "Should they not speak to man in human language? Is it not equally strange they should attribute a human form to the Most High?"

"By no means," answered the youth, "that is figurative—but wrath"—

Hillel interrupted him, and said:

"Listen to my story. There lived in Alexandria two fathers, wealthy merchants, who had two sons of the same age, and they sent them to Ephesus, on business connected with their traffic. Both these young men had been thoroughly instructed in the religion of their fathers.

"When they had sojourned for some time at Ephesus, they were dazzled by the splendor and the treasures of the city, and yielding to the allurements which beset them, they forsook the path of their fathers, and turned aside to idolatry and worshipped in the temple of Diana.

"A friend at Ephesus wrote of this to Cleon, one of the two fathers at Alexandria. When Cleon had read the letter, he was troubled in his heart, and he was wroth with the youths. Thereupon he went to the other father, and told him of the apostasy of their sons, and of his grief thereat.

"But the other father laughed, and said, 'If business do but prosper with my son, I shall give myself little concern about his religion.'

"Then Cleon turned from him, and was still more wroth.

"Now which of these two father's," said Hillel to the youth, "dost thou consider as the wiser and the better?"

"He who was wroth," answered Theon.

"And which," asked the preceptor, "was the kinder father?"

"He who was wroth," again answered the youth.

"Was Cleon wroth with his son?" asked Hillel.

And Theon replied, "Not with his son, but with his backsliding and apostasy."

"And what," asked Hillel, "thinkest thou is the cause of such displeasure against evil?"

"The sacred love of truth," answered his disciple.

"Behold then, my son," said the old man, "if thou canst now think divinely of that which is divine, the human expression will no longer offend thee."—*From the German.*

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY E. L. WATTS.

Childhood has its rights. Little Mary has a right to pleasant conversation at table instead of sour discussion of the day's work. She has a right to a warm kiss and loving chat at bedtime, and when the gentle twilight steals on she has a right to a talk about the Elder Brother who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." She has a claim to our sympathy as broad as the ocean. But does she receive her rights? Many are the mothers and fathers, too, who shine in society, who have kind hearts for strangers and even for strange little folks, and may even deny themselves for them, but exhaust all their sympathy abroad and keep none for the home. The boy who, with a mechanical talent and the few tools he can command, tries to build a boat or saw out some article of ornament for the home, is sneered at until his enthusiasm is killed, and he drifts through life a mere float, good for nothing and bearing no freight. Or if he be fond of reading, with a passion to devour everything he can lay his hands on, he is not supplied with books that will furnish him knowledge, but ridiculed or perhaps chided as a time-waster for each moment spent in the search for knowledge.

Perhaps when God's ledger is opened and the fireside accounts examined, many who now pass for models of piety will stand charged with words of discouragement, ill-temper, or neglect towards those whom they best loved.

Probably the agency that oftenest deprives childhood of its rights is hastiness of temper. That miserable commodity is bottled-up to be discharged upon the heads of the little ones at home. Children are scolded out of bed in the morning and in again in the evening, and by parents who at heart love them. But father has no time to lend an ear to Harry's woes, or to teach Jennie how to forgive the schoolmate who makes faces at her.—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

The Family Circle.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

—*N. Y. Observer.*

DORCAS FEARING'S EXPERIMENT.

"Well, Joshua, how did the boys act to-day?" asked Mrs. Fearing, on her husband's return from Sabbath-school.

The deacon polished his bald head with his red bandanna, and sighed heavily. Plainly the lines had not fallen unto him "in pleasant places!"

"Act! Don't ask me, Dorcas. If they were possessed by the father o' mischief they couldn't torment a man more. Just look here!"

Dorcas "looked," and threw up both hands in astonishment. The back of her good man's best blue coat was ripped to the waist.

"Why, J-o-s-h-u-a Fearing, I should think you'd been fighting!"

"I'd feel better if I had, Dorcas," was the fervent response, "either they or I would have got it pretty bad, wife. The Lord forgive me for harboring such a spirit, but they are enough to try the patience of Job. They were amazing still during the lesson—though I heered one titter a little when I was offering the opening prayer—so I put the doctrines to them pretty strong, hoping I might thereby sow a little good seed; but before the superintendent had given out the last tune my whole class left the vestry! Never said a word to me, but clattered off without leave. When I sprang up after them the settee riz right up behind me, I heered a rip, and there I was pinned to the seat! Miss Slocomb's class of gals was tittering, everybody was smiling—I don't know as I blame 'em either," added the deacon meekly. "My hair e'enamost stands on end when I think how ridiculous I looked!"

The smile that merry Mrs. Fearing could not repress did not soothe her husband's wounded feelings.

"Those scamps have played their last trick on me!" he said, tilting his chair back, and thrusting his hand into his coat pocket; but the chair quickly came to the floor, the deacon howling with pain—the pocket was bristling with pins! This was a serious affair. Mrs. Fearing was really vexed as she doctored the scratched and bleeding fingers. That afternoon, when the superintendent called, the deacon resigned his class.

"I've done the best I could with 'em," said he, when urged to keep it longer. "I'll have to retire from the field, as every teacher they have had has done."

"It's a pity somebody can't manage those boys!" observed Mrs. Fearing, as she recalled their bright, intelligent faces; and, despite their pranks, her motherly heart yearned strangely over them.

"I can't find a teacher in the parish for them," said the superintendent, sadly. "I did hope they'd respect your age and position."

"They wouldn't respect the Apostle Paul," groaned the retiring teacher, as he recalled the many times his dignity had been hurt. "Often have I longed to apply Solomon's rod of correction."

Mrs. Fearing did not agree with her husband here; and somehow, loyal wife though she was, she fancied her husband did not understand the boys. Mrs. Fearing was very tender to every living creature, her heart was specially open to the boys, for her only son slept under the sod in the old churchyard. How the lonely mother-heart longed for his freckled face, the short boyish figure, and the mad-cap pranks that she concealed from the sterner parent! And, as she heard the two decide, as a last resort, to lay the case before each parent, and perhaps disband the class, a half-formed wish sprang to her lips.

"I wish I had the class."

Her good man gasped with surprise, but the superintendent said:

"Do try it, Mrs. Fearing."

"It's an insane experiment," said the deacon, hotly. "My wife shall not submit to their insults; I positively forbid it, Dorcas!"

Probably the deacon took back that hasty command, for Dorcas did take the class the next Sabbath. He drilled her upon the lesson beforehand, shook his head many times over her illogical treatment of doctrines, expounded and referred to prophecy, until the dear little woman knew less about the lesson than at first.

"Just keep to that course of reasoning, and you'll convince them," he said, as he "armed and equipped" her with text-books and commentary. "Be severe with Harry Johnson, he's the ringleader in all mischief."

Mrs. Fearing quietly left the learned books and the logic under the pew cushions, and armed only with the Bible and womanly tact, started, after the service, with fear and trembling, for the Sabbath-school class.

Before introducing her, the superintendent offered to "give the lads a few hints about future conduct."

"Dear me, no!" cried Mrs. Fearing, "that would spoil all."

As the deacon's wife took her place, there were signs of excitement among the boys. Harry Johnson nudged his neighbor, and said in a cracked voice:

"Them boys do pester my Joshua so, I thought I'd spell him awhile!"

Before this could be "passed around," Mrs. Fearing spoke:

"Good-morning, young gentlemen!"

"Young gentlemen!" Somehow this made the young scamps feel a bit like gentlemen.

"My husband will not be with you for some time"—the wife strove to hide her lord's retreat—"so I offered myself as a substitute, not so much in the capacity of teacher as friend." Mrs. Fearing paused for breath after this unusual effort at speechifying. "I don't know as much as I ought about the Bible, although I love to read it more than any other book. I think I should enjoy studying it with some bright young scholars, if agreeable to you all. But the great reason why I felt such an interest in this class was because many of you were playmates of my dear Eben."

They all remembered the bright, merry boy whose life had been so brief, and there was a deep hush as the mother talked of her dead. She had struck a plaintive chord in their young hearts; in Harry Johnson's especially—who could recall many a prank with the deacon's son—and their boyish faces were very solemn as they crowded about her. Then, with rare tact, she brought in the Scripture lesson, and before their minds had returned to careless thoughts, they were asking and answering questions. Mrs. Fearing talked with them just as she used to talk with Eben, and with the same result. Eben was always restive under his father's verbose expositions, and tempted to some comical bit of fun; so she refrained from subjects beyond their young minds. This humble little woman interested them so much that they were actually surprised when the signal was given for closing the session. Then came something the deacon's class never forgot. Mrs. Fearing invited them to spend an evening at her house.

It is impossible to depict the deacon's terror at the prospect of such dangerous guests. When the evening came, he fled to the minister's. But everything passed off decorously. The house wasn't torn down or burnt up; the boys, in their Sunday best and best behavior, were so still that their hostess thought they surely were "ailing." The good lady fed them with her daintiest, and treated them like princes, instead of reprobates, and they appreciated it.

"Staving woman, she is!" Said Harry Johnson, on his way home, with a slice of plum cake in his pocket. "*I* don't want no better teacher. Just let me get my paw on any fellow that sarces her!"

In a thousand ways the deacon's wife won their hearts. Every Sabbath they were sure of a warm welcome from the quiet little woman, and the old, old story, told in her quaint, apt way, sent an arrow of conviction to the conscience of more than one of her listeners.

There came a day, a sad day for the class, when the seat in their midst was vacant, and the pleasant voice made music in their ears no more. Dorcas Fearing had gone to meet her boy. The old deacon, as he "lifted up his voice and wept," was scarcely a greater mourner than the awkward, overgrown boys whose wayward feet had been gently guided by her into the Saviour's "paths of pleasantness and peace."

Who can estimate the result of Dorcas Fearing's experiment?—*Helen C. Pearson, in the Congregationalist.*

TIMELY ADVICE, AND ITS REWARD.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread, Charlie!"

Little Mabel Castleton said this wistfully, her eyes, as she spoke, wandering to the cradle, where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had the whole loaf, May, one does not exactly relish the half rations," said Charlie, moodily.

But his eyes followed his wife's, to the cosy nest of babies.

"It is a bad time of year to be out of a situation," said Mabel, after a long silence; "and how many of those we know are idle! It would not be easy to find employment now."

"You think I had better remain with Mr. Mifflin?"

"I do. Tell me exactly what he said to you."

"The substance of what he said was this: Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of the clerks. I have been with him for ten years, and he was pleased to say that I am very useful to him, and he is unwilling to part with me. But he can give me only half my present salary, though he promises to raise it again when the business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet we have saved something each month! Besides, dear, we have not tried to be economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself?"

"Not at all! I have plenty of leisure time, now that May and Bella amuse each other. Come, Charlie, accept Mr. Mifflin's offer. You may hear of something better even if you remain there, but don't throw yourself out of a situation in the dead of winter, for my sake and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew only too well that it would be almost hopeless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Mifflin's cry of hard times. The small nest egg in the bank would soon melt away when it became the sole support of four. And so, kissing Mabel, he promised to follow her advice.

But it caused his pride a sore wrench. He had entered the service of his present employer at seventeen, and slowly, steadily gaining favor, by dint of faithfully fulfilling every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk. Not until he secured this position, and the good salary accompanying it, would he ask Mabel to be his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home out of his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for housekeeping expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have his children ever presentable, his table well appointed.

All this had been easy upon his salary, and there had been something added, for three years, to the little bank fund. But to do all this upon half the present income would be simply impossible. House rent must be met, and the sum remaining each month would need to be carefully calculated, to meet all the expenses, leaving but little margin for pleasure or extravagance of dress.

Then, what would Will say?

Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin, who had been his life-long companion. Together they had left the school-room for business position. Will entering the corn warehouse of Harvey & Russell at the same time that Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Mifflin's timber office. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way up, till this financial crisis brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made to his cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation, and "see how old Mifflin would get along without him," and Charlie, before seeing Mabel, was quite willing to follow his advice.

He knew Will would think him mean-spirited to remain upon half salary, and yet Mabel was right when she said that "half a loaf was better than no bread."

And while Charlie Castleton was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision, Mr. Mifflin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and chum, the senior partner of the firm, when it had been "Gardiner & Mifflin," and who, though he had retired some years before, was still the strong friend and frequent adviser of his former partner.

"It is a mistake, Mifflin," he said. "You had better send young Castleton about his business and engage an entirely new bookkeeper. You will find half-pay will mean half service, mark my words."

"But I might search C—— from end to end, and not find a clerk competent to take Castleton's place."

"Then pay him his full salary."

"I cannot do it, unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and I am short-handed now. There is but one way to keep my head above water. You see Clarke's failure involves me heavily, and——"

And the worried man of business entered into long explanations of his difficulties, not necessary to repeat here.

It touched Charlie Castleton deeply, when entering the counting-house to announce his determination to remain in his old position, to see how the face of his employer brightened. He had been sitting in a despondent attitude, looking over the letters, the lines of care strongly marked upon his face.

As Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter, and he smiled as he said—

"Thank you, Castleton. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a smaller salary, but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been a kind employer to me for ten years," answered Charlie, "and, if I am really of any value, more than another would be in my place, I will not desert you."

And, looking into the careworn face that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolved to serve Mr. Mifflin more faithfully in his perplexities than in his more prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the sympathy of his young clerk, and looked to him as he had never done before, for advice as well as service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explaining the difficulties caused by the failure of other firms, some heavily indebted to the house of John Mifflin, others upon whom he had depended for goods obtained upon credit.

Day by day, as the hard trying winter wore away, the two grew faster friends; and, so far from lessening his work, Charlie found himself willingly lifting some of his employer's burdens upon his own shoulders. He gave more time to business, and was gaining an insight into it that opportunity had never before given him; and Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her diminished share of the loaf with a smiling face and cheerful heart. As far as might be she kept from Charlie the knowledge of her domestic economies; but some of them were apparent. The woman whose competent aid demanded high wages, was dismissed, and a half-grown girl engaged to mind the babies; while Mabel cooked, washed, ironed, and served, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive, having been a busy little dressmaker before Charlie Castleton won her heart, and took her to preside over his pretty home. But for three years of her married life she had been much petted, and there were many pleasures to be put aside, many shillings to be well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple, at the end of the first year of reduced pay, found that they were still out of debt, and had not touched the nest egg in the bank, though there was a fresh arrival to share in the family income.

"You see, Charlie, we made the half a loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs," he said, with a wry face.

"Never mind, it was better than idleness!"

"You are right; and there is more than that, May. I have been able to help Mr. Mifflin more than I ever could have done in our old relationship to each other. His perplexities made him long for some one to whom he could speak confidentially; and, when the ice was once broken, he took me fully into his confidence. I could often suggest a way out of a difficulty that had not occurred to him; it was

a relief to him to pour out his troubles to some one who was in sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie. I never saw you so tired as you have often been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are looking brighter. By closest economy, Mr. Mifflin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there's a good lookout for the coming year"

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind! We have held out so far. We will not despond now!"

"Despond! I should think not? I am hoping to have some of those crumbs you were speaking of next year. I have learned many valuable lessons in saving."

The second year was certainly not an easy one for Mabel. The children kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in household work. Many little articles of clothing and housekeeping; too, that lasted well through one year, were past service in the second one, and it was not always easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared the savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart, and had always a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home.

She never told him that the late breakfast that she planned, to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the little tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six days out of seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested luncheon down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for all of them. She did nor tell him she was cutting up her own dresses to clothe the girls, and sewing busily in every leisure minute to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she had spent the last shilling of the week's money, while yet the week was only half gone. Charlie had given her, before, some signed cheques on the bank, to meet such an emergency, but it was her joy to think not one had yet been presented on the bank.

She took one from the desk where they had lain so long, and spread it out before her, calculating, with puckers on her pretty face, how small a sum she could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I don't like to begin," she said, half aloud; "if once we break in upon that money, it will melt away like snow before the sun"

But there was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a penny while he had the penny with which to pay him. So, with a sigh, she folded the cheque, and was putting it into her purse, when there was a step in the hall that was not of the little nurse of her charges; a voice ringing out clear and full, calling—

"Mabel! Where are you, May?'

"Here in my room," she answered. "Oh, Charlie! what is it?"

For the face at the door was one so radiant that all care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorry too. Only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardiner?"

"No. Is that the Mr. Gardiner who used to be Mr. Mifflin's partner before you went into the business?"

"Yes. He was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Mifflin, except a few legacies. The warehouse will be closed till after the funeral; so we have three days' holiday, May."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But that it is not all Can you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again?"

"More than that. Mr Mifflin took me to his house this morning, and told me all his plans. He will enlarge the business, and take on again all his old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me permision to offer a position to Will Castleton, who has now been nearly a year out of employment, because he would not accept your theory, of 'half a loaf being better than no bread'"

"I know Poor Will! I am afraid Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie"

"I am sure of it. But I have saved my best news till the last, Mabel Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Mifflin says, did me some injustice some time ago, by supposing that I would proportion my work to the decrease of my salary. To atone for this he has left me a sum of money."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"One moment, Mabel. And he also advised Mr. Mifflin, in their very last interview, to 'reward my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his difficulties'—his own words, May—by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, Charlie, I must laugh or cry!' said Mabel, almost hysterically.

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Mifflin & Castleton must not be christened by tears, even happy ones! Hurrah! Who will say, after this, that a half loaf is not better than no bread?"—*Bristol Observer.*

BEES IN AFRICA.

The great harvest for bees commences with the fruit-blossoms in April, and when these are gone there is usually an interregnum until the end of June; then comes hard work for a month, sipping the sweets from a hundred flowers; which time being past, there is little more honey stored, unless the bees are in the neighborhood of extensive moors, whose heather yields abundance of fine aromatic nectar. It is, indeed, a common practice in Scotland and elsewhere, where such favored localities are found, for bee-keepers to send their hives of bees to the moors for a month, the honey thus gathered fully compensating for all expenses of carriage, &c. Pliny tells us that in his time it was customary in Italy, as soon as spring food for the bees had failed, to put the hives into boats, which were carried up the river at night, in search of better pasture; the bees went out in the morning in quest of provisions, returning regularly with their stores to their respective hives. Such is still the practice on the Nile, where travellers constantly meet bee-barges. And, by the way, Egyptian bees have a dreadful character for ferocity; their introduction into England has been essayed, but abandoned on account of their untamable nature. Swinefurth, in his "Heart of Africa," tells us of the following adventure which happened to his party:—"As our towing-rope was being drawn along through the grass on the banks it disturbed a colony of bees; in a moment, like a great cloud they burst upon the men who were towing, who all plunged into the water and sought to regain the boat; the bees followed them, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. I was arranging my plants in my cabin, and called out to know the cause of the noise and confusion, but only got excited gestures, with the cries of 'Bees! bees!' I tried in vain to light my pipe; in an instant thousands of bees were about me, and I was mercilessly stung all over my face and hands. Vainly I tried to protect my face with my handkerchief, and the more violent my motions the greater was the fury of the bees. The maddening pain was now on my cheek, now in my eye, now in my head; the dogs under my bed were frantic, and burst out, overturning everything in their way. Losing well-nigh all control, I flung myself in despair into the river. I dived; but all in vain, for the stings still rained down upon my head. I crept through the reedy grass to the swampy banks, and with lacerated hands tried to gain the mainland to find shelter in the woods, but was dragged back by my servants with such force that I was nearly choked in the mud. Again on board, I dragged a sheet from my chest, which afforded me some protection, while I gradually crushed the bees enclosed within. By great courage on the part of my people, my large dog was brought on board and covered with cloths, a smaller one was never recovered—stung to death, no doubt, by the bees. Cowering down under my sheet, I lingered out full three hours, whilst the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated periodically through the linen. Every one became equally passive with myself, perfect silence reigned on board, and the bees gradually subsided. Some of the crew then went stealthily up the banks and fired the reeds. The smoke scared away the bees, and the boat was drawn to the other bank. With the aid of a looking-glass and pincers, I extracted the stings from my hands and face, but could not reach those under my hair. Those produced ulcers which for two days were very painful. I felt ready that evening for an encounter with half a score of buffaloes or a brace of lions, rather than have anything more to do with bees. Several of our party suffered from violent fever. Of sixteen boats which followed us, all were pestered by these bees; and two persons were stung to death."—*Good Words.*

MAKING MARBLES.

In making marbles, glass, agate, china, or porcelain and crystalline limestone or marble are used; and by painting, glazing, polishing, and decorating these materials, over one hundred different kinds of marbles are manufactured. The cheaper marbles are made of common crockeryware. Girls and boys pick up small lumps of the wet clay, and skilfully roll them into little balls in their hands. These balls of clay are then ranged on tables in the open air, or under open sheds to dry. When they are partly dried they are rolled between the palms once more, and then placed, one at a time, on tiny three-legged stools or tripods, in a kiln or oven. When the oven is full, a fire is made under it, and the marbles are baked till they are as hard as a piece of chinaware. Those porcelain marbles are made in a number of different sizes, and in a number of shades of blue, white, and brown. Some look like the brown tea-pots used to steep tea on the stove. Others have a beautiful pearly glaze, like the best china tea-cups; some are painted in bright colors on a dull surface; and some have the colors burned in, just as the gold bands and pictures are burned into dinner-plates. You can readily tell the china marbles by looking at them closely, and there you will find three little marks or blemishes showing where the soft marble stood on its little iron tripod in the oven. The glass marbles are made either of clear glass or of the colored glass the glass-blowers use. The clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod in the melted glass, and taking up a little bunch of the white, hot, sticky paste. By dropping this into an iron mold, or by whirling the rod round in his hand, the glass-man makes little globes of glass that, after they have been hardened or annealed in a furnace, make the big marbles boys so delight to use. Sometimes the glass-man puts a glass figure of a dog, or other animal on the end of his iron rod, and then the hot glass flows all round it, and when it is done there is the dog locked up in the marble. To make the colored glass marbles the glass-maker puts a number of glass rods of different colors together in a bundle, and then holds the ends in a hot fire, and they melt and run together. Then, with a quick twist, he turns the end into a round ball, or drops it into a mold, and the pretty marble, marked with bands and ribbons of color, is finished. You can always tell which are the glass marbles by the little mark on one side where the ball was broken from the rod when it was finished. The agates—the most valuable of all marbles,—are made of real agate. Workmen pick up bits of the rough stone and hold them against a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the piece of agate is gradually filed down into a nearly perfect ball. If you hold an agate between the eye and the light you can see the little facets, or marks made by the grindstone dotted all over the marble. The common marbles are made of marble, or other hard stone, by placing bits of stones in a heavy mill, where they are rolled round and round between two mill-stones, and gradually worn down into smooth balls. Another method is to place a strong wooden barrel on bearings so that it will easily turn over and over on its axis. This barrel is usually placed in a small stream or brook, and is so arranged that the water will turn it over and over like a water-wheel as it rushes under it. Bits of stone put in the barrel then, tumble one over the other for hours, and grind and rub against each other till they come out smooth and round. Such a barrel is called a "tumble," and any boy living near a brook could, without much trouble, make one, and manufacture his own marbles at very little expense.—*St. Nicholas.*

SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how I can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an ax, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favorite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again,

"Now," said he, "Widow M—— has gone to a neighbor's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow man on her door-step, and when Mrs. M—— comes home she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate the fun, and to experience the inward joy that results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction that one of them, who objected at first, proposed they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and, this done, they repaired to their several homes, more than satisfied with the "fun of the evening." And the next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterwards, when a neighbor (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys) told her how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labors.—*Selected.*

HOW TO DEAL WITH ENQUIRERS.

BY D. L. MOODY.

If I could get just a few hundred Christians that were striving for souls, and looking out for them, and with their open Bibles ready to point them to the way of life after every service here, I haven't any doubt about the work being permanent. You remember I was telling you a short time ago about a lady whom we met in London, who laid herself out for the work, and when I left London of how she wrote me that she had 150 souls led to Christ. You hear a great many talk about the work not being permanent. Now I haven't been able to correspond with that lady, but this afternoon I got a letter from her that will stir up Christians to go and do likewise. This lady left her beautiful residence, just a little way out of London, and took lodgings near the Agricultural Hall, so that she might be near the meetings, and she was present just to labor to lead some souls to Christ. And when the hall was crowded and she thought that her seat could be occupied by some one else better, she stayed outside and tried to find somebody to lead to Jesus. She says in her letter: "I must now take the opportunity of telling you that of all the dear converts who were left under my eye not one is lost. I am thankful to say that they are not only saved, but are earnest, working Christians, of whom no minister need to be ashamed." Now if we have workers like that in Boston, not only willing to labor and to lead persons to Christ, but who are looking after them (and this lady correspondent has looked after them over two years—it is two years next month since we went to London, and from that time she has been looking after the lambs and gathered them into the fold), if we had a few hundred such workers in Boston eternity would show us great results We have come not so much to preach as to stir the people up to the work of striving to save souls.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

X.

1. One whom Paul called his own son in the faith.
2. A king who helped Solomon to build the temple.
3. A prophet who was seen hundreds of years after he died.
4. The eldest sister of Rachel.
5. The grandfather of King David.
6. The eldest son of Jacob.
7. The youngest son of Jesse.
8. A distinguished teacher at Antioch.
9. A Roman officer who saved Paul's life.
10. A warrior who killed Goliath's brother.
11. A scribe who carried a message to Isaiah.
12. A king's son who killed his father.
13. One of the Judges of Israel.
14. One of the best of the kings of Judah.
15. One of the ancestors of our Lord.
16. One of Job's comforters.
17. A great man among the Anakims.
18. A prophet who rebuked King David.
19. A prophetess who judged Israel.
20. The father of the first King of Israel.
21. The steward of Abraham's house.
22. The mother of Timothy.
23. The third Apostle called by Jesus.
24. An orator who accused Paul.
25. A king reproved by John the Baptist.
26. A false prophet who withstood Paul.
27. A true prophet in the land of Chaldea.

The *initials* express an affectionate wish and devout benediction.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—If anybody can give any better "signs" of a tip-top state of things than the following, let us see the list:

Where spades grow bright and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent footsteps worn;
Law court yards a ugly, silent and forlorn;
Where doctor's foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and truth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

PROV. 28: 26.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XV.

APRIL 15.]

NAAMAN THE LEPER. [About 894 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings v 1-14. RECITE vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. li. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Healing comes through humility.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—2 Kings i. 2-17. *T.*—2 Kings viii. 7-15. *W.*—Deut. xxxii. 36-47. *Th.*—Dan. ii. 11-23. *F.*—John ix. 1-25. *Sa.*—Luke iv. 18-32. *S.*—2 Kings v. 1-14.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elisha healed the deadly pottage at Gilgal; satisfied a hundred men with twenty loaves and full ears of corn. [Naaman was probably cured before the raising of the Shunammite's son. The writer having begun the account of Elisha's visit to Shunem, completes it before noting other events.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study the Old Testament story of the healing of a leper, with the desire of finding how it illustrates the New Testament cure for sin.

NOTES.—*Na'-a-man* (pleasantness, grace), not mentioned elsewhere except in Luke iv 27. Jewish tradition says he was the archer who shot king Ahab (1 Kings xxii. 34), and thus gave "deliverance unto Syria." The Assyrian monuments show that Syria had broken away from the Assyrian yoke about this time, and Naaman may have performed his great services in this war for independence. *Lep'-ro sy*, a most terrible, loathsome and incurable disease, by which the victim's body is slowly consumed. Special laws were given to those who had it (Lev xiii. xiv.), and they were kept apart from all others by the Jews. The Syrians were less strict in isolating lepers. Leprosy was sometimes a direct judgment from God, as with Moses (Ex. iv. 6), Miriam (Num. xii. 10) Gehazi (2 Kings v 27), Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi 19). Leprosy is a most forcible type of sin. Christ healed it. Matt. viii. 2; Luke xvii. 12. *Tal'-ents*, a silver talent was equivalent to about 1,600 American "trade dollars." *Pieces of gold.* Coined money did not exist. The pieces were cut from bars (Wilkinson says they were sometimes in the form of rings) and weighed. The "piece" or "shekel" was worth from six to ten dollars. The whole value of the silver and gold taken by Naaman is estimated at from $54,000 to $75,000. *Chariot.* Solomon had brought chariots out of Egypt and furnished them to the Syrians. 1 Kings x. 29. These were two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by horses, and usually containing two persons. *Jor'-dan*, (the descender), the chief river of Palestine. It is a deep, sluggish stream, of a clayey color. *Ab'-a-na*, "the golden stream" of the Greeks, rises in Anti-Lebanon, 23 miles from Damascus, and runs directly through the city, supplying its orchards and gardens; now the Barada. *Phar'-par*, the modern El-Awaj, rising in Mt. Hermon, and flowing through the plains 8 miles south of Damascus. Both the rivers are clear, bright mountain streams. *Da-mas'-cus*, the capital of Syria, one of the oldest cities in the world, and still flourishing.

PERSONS: Naaman, the little maid, the king of Syria, the king of Israel, Elisha. PLACES, etc.: Damascus, Samaria, the Jordan, Abana, Pharpar.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) NAAMAN SEEKING TO BE HEALED. (II.) ELISHA'S DIRECTION. (III.) NAAMAN CURED.

I. NAAMAN SEEKING TO BE HEALED. (1.) CAPTAIN OF THE HOST, commander-in-chief of the army; HONORABLE, honored, held in favor by the king; LORD . . . DELIVERANCE, see Notes; LEPER, see Notes. (2.) BY COMPANIES, in marauding bands. (3.) IN SAMARIA, where Elisha had a house. 2 Kings vi. 24, 32, (4.) ONE—i.e., he, Naaman. (5.) KING OF SYRIA, probably Benhadad. TALENTS, PIECES, see Notes, and picture, RAIMENT, often bestowed as gifts, see Gen. xvi. 23; Esther vi. 8; Dan. v. 7. (6.) KING OF ISRAEL, probably Jehoram, son of Ahab. (7.) HE TO RECOVER, leprosy was incurable. Num xi. 12.

I. QUESTIONS.—Name the persons and places mentioned in this lesson. What was Naaman's rank? Why was he honored? With what disease was he afflicted? Tell what you know about leprosy. What captive had the Syrians taken? Whose servant did she become? State her words to her mistress. To whom did she refer? To whom were her words reported? By whom? From whom did Naaman take a letter? To whom? What presents did he take? Their value? State the purport of the letter. Describe the conduct of the king of Israel. Give his words.

II. ELISHA'S DIRECTION. (9.) HORSES, his whole retinue of attendants. (10.) SENT A MESSENGER, Naaman needed to be taught humility; WASH, bathe; SEVEN TIMES, the Hebrew number for completeness, comp. 1 Kings xviii. 43; Josh. vi. 4. (11.) STRIKE . . . HAND, move it to and fro. (12.) ABANA AND PHARPAR, see Notes.

II. QUESTIONS.—Who heard of the king's conduct? What message did he send? Describe how Naaman came to Elisha. What was Elisha's message? How did Naaman receive it? What had he expected? What rivers did he prefer? How did he go away.

III. NAAMAN CURED. (13.) GREAT THING, difficult thing. (14.) WENT DOWN, from Samaria to Jordan there is rapid descent; the distance is about 30 miles. (15.) FLESH CAME AGAIN, became sound.

(III.) QUESTIONS.—Who expostulated with Naaman? What argument did they use? With what effect? Describe the result. What did Christ say of this healing? Luke iv. 27. Mention the cures of leprosy wrought by Christ. See Notes. Of what is leprosy a type? Who can heal the leprosy of sin?

What does this lesson teach us—

(1.) Of the troubles which may come to great men?
(2.) Of the good which a child may do?
(3.) Of the natural pride of the human heart?
(4.) Of God's cure for sin?

LESSON XVI.

APRIL 22.]

GEHAZI THE LEPER. [About 894 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings v. 20-27. RECITE vs. 25-27.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Tim. vi. 6-19. *T.*—Josh. vii. 16-26. *W.*—John i. 45-51. *Th.*—Ps. cxxxix. *F.*—Num. xii. 1-14. *Sa.*—2 Chron xxvi. 16-21. *S.*—2 Kings v. 20-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house.—Prov. xv. 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Deceit brings destruction.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Naaman returned from the Jordan, where he had been healed; acknowledged that Jehovah was the true God; urged Elisha to take a present, which the prophet refused; Naaman started for Damascus.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how one sin leads to another until punishment finally comes. Gehazi coveted that which did not belong to him; he lied to Naaman to obtain it; then lied to Elisha to conceal his sin; was found out and terribly punished. Always dare to be true.

NOTES.—*Mount E'-phra-im.* Gilgal and Bethel, at each of which was a "school of the prophets," or a theological seminary, were both situated on the great central range of hills extending north and south through the territory of Ephraim and called Mt. Ephraim. *Tow'-er*, more properly "the hill," the then well-known hill before Elisha's house which probably cut off the view in the direction taken by Gehazi. *Olive yards*, olive orchards where the wild olives were set out in rows and grafted. An acre of olive trees sometimes yields a crop worth a hundred dollars.

WEIGHING PIECES" OF GOLD. [From Wilkinson's *Ancient Egypt.*]

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GEHAZI'S COVETOUSNESS. (II.) HIS DECEIT. (III.) HIS PUNISHMENT.

I. GEHAZI'S COVETOUSNESS, (20.) SAID, to himself; THIS SYRIAN, this foreigner and enemy of Israel; AS THE LORD LIVETH, here a profane oath. Compare v. 16. (21.) LIGHTED DOWN, an Eastern method of showing respect. See Gen. xxiv. 64.

I. QUESTIONS.—How far had Naaman gone on his journey? What did Gehazi say to himself? What did he make up his mind to do? What oath did he use? What two commandments did he break by his covetousness and by his profanity? Repeat them. What does the Bible say of the love of money? 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10. What good rule does it give us? Heb. xiii. 5.

II. HIS DECEIT. (22.) MOUNT EPHRAIM, see Notes; SONS OF THE PROPHETS, see Lesson IX.; A TALENT, from $1,500 to $2,000. (23.) BE CONTENT, be pleased to take; TWO TALENTS, one for each of the young men; URGED HIM, pressed them upon him; UPON . . . HIS SERVANTS, two talents of silver would weigh about 200 pounds. (24.) TOWER, see Notes. (25.) STOOD BEFORE HIS MASTER, Eastern servants stay with their masters except when sent on errands. (26.) WENT NOT MINE HEART, WAS I not there in spirit? compare 1 Cor. v. 3; IS IT A TIME TO RECEIVE, when Jehovah will be dishonored by it. OLIVE YARDS, etc., probably Gehazi was planning to buy these.

II. QUESTIONS.—Describe Naaman's conduct when he saw Gehazi. His question? Gehazi's reply? Who did he say had come to Elisha? What did he represent Elisha as asking for them? State the value of a talent. Would this have been a large gift for Naaman to bestow? For the young men to receive? How much did Naaman offer him? In what way did he send it? Where did Gehazi dismiss them? How did he dispose of the money and garments? State Elisha's first question. Gehazi's answer. How had the prophet known of his servant's conduct? What was it not a time to receive? Why? Repeat the commandment which forbids lying.

III. HIS PUNISHMENT. (27.) LEPROSY OF NAAMAN, you have got his money, you shall with it his disease; THY SEED, all thy descendants; WHITE AS SNOW, the skin of the leper is of a chalk or snow-white color. Ex. iv. 6; Num. xii. 10.

III. QUESTIONS.—What disease should come upon Gehazi? Upon whom else? For how long? Was the punishment inflicted upon Gehazi immediately? In what form? State some of the other sins of Gehazi. How many commandments did he violate? Which? How are children tempted to covetousness? To profanity? To lying? Mention another awful example of punishment for lying. Acts v. 10. When will secret sins surely be exposed? Eccl. xii. 14. What will be the fate of liars? Rev. xxi. 8.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That being associated with the good does not ensure goodness?
(2.) That covetousness leads to other sins and brings reproach upon religion?
(3.) That secret sins will be found out?
(4.) That the punishment of sin is certain and terrible?

LESSON XVII.

APRIL 29.]

ELISHA AT DOTHAN. [About 893 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings vi. 8-18 RECITE vs. 15-17.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Jer. xxii. 18-32. *T.*—Gen. xxxvii. 15-28. *W.*—2 Chron. xxxii. 1-16. *Th.*—Ps. xlvi. *F.*—Rom. viii. 28-39. *Sat.*—2 Kings vi. 8-18 *S.*—Zech. xii. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.—2 Kings vi. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—On the Lord's side is safety.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elisha went with the sons of the prophets to the Jordan, caused the lost axe-head to swim so that it was recovered.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Learn from this lesson that God always takes care of his children; and if they fear and trust him they need not fear anything else.

NOTES.—Camp, the encampment of the army, from a Hebrew word meaning to "sit down" hence "to pitch a tent," or encamp. See Ex. xiii. 20; xvii. 1. *Bed-cham'-ber.* The palace of an Oriental monarch consists of two distinct parts, one accessible to the public and in full view; the other, the harem, jealously concealed. *Do'-than* (the double fountain), a place twelve miles north of Samaria, on a "huge" hill of such shape that the Syrians might easily surround it; while around its sides, between Elisha and the enemy, might appear "the horses and chariots of fire" Dothan, also, Joseph found his brethren. Gen. xxxvii. 17. The modern name is Dothan.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE TWO KINGS AT WAR. (II.) THE PLOT AGAINST ELISHA. (III.) THE HEAVENLY DEFENDERS.

I. THE TWO KINGS AT WAR. (8.) KING OF SYRIA, Benhadad the Great; WARRED AGAINST, was at war with; ISRAEL, the ten tribes; SERVANTS, military officers; MY CAMP, the camp of my army. (9.) MAN OF GOD, Elisha; PASS NOT, do not leave unfortified; ARE COME DOWN, to make their invasion. (10.) SENT, sent troops; SAVED HIMSELF, "protected himself" at the threatened point; NOT ONCE OR TWICE—that is, several times.

I. QUESTIONS.—Who warred against Israel? His name? Meaning of "Israel" here? With whom did he take counsel? What was his plan? Who informed the king of Israel of it? By what message? State the action of the king of Israel. How often did he save himself? What was the effect upon the king of Syria? Whom did he call together? For what purpose?

II. THE PLOT AGAINST ELISHA. (12.) NONE, we have no traitor among us; IN THY BEDCHAMBER—that is, in the most secret manner. Compare Eccl. x. 20. (13.) HE, the king; FETCH HIM, bring him away as a prisoner; DOTHAN, see Notes. (14.) COMPASSED THE CITY, surrounded it so that the prophet might not escape. (15.) SERVANT, the new attendant in Gehazi's place A HOST—i.e., footmen.

II. QUESTIONS.—How did a servant answer the king? Who informed Israel of Syria's plans? How much was Elisha asked to tell? What command did the king give? Where was Elisha? Describe Dothan. See Notes. What other Bible scene is said there? How large a force did the king send to Dothan? Why so many? Who discovered them? In what position? State his words to the prophet.

III. THE HEAVENLY DEFENDERS. (16.) MORE THAN . . . WITH THEM see Rom. viii. 31; 2 Chron. xxxii. 7, 8. (17.) THAT HE MAY SEE, spiritual things invisible to the natural eye; THE MOUNTAIN, on the top of which Dothan stood; HORSES AND CHARIOTS OF FIRE, representing the angelic host. Comp. 2 Kings ii. 11; Ps. lxviii. 17. (18.) THEY, the Syrians; CAME DOWN, from the rising ground on which they were encamped into the valley; BLINDNESS, mental, so that, although they saw enough to go to Samaria, they did not perceive things truly.

III. QUESTIONS.—How did Elisha cheer his servant? Why was he not to fear? State Elisha's prayer? How was it answered? Describe the young man's vision. After his eyes were opened, what was done to the Syrians? Compare Gen. xix. 11. Tell where they were taken, and how treated. vs. 19-23.

What in this lesson teaches us—

(1.) The weakness of God's enemies?
(2.) The safety of God's children? Compare Isa. liv. 17; Ps. xxvii. 3.
(3.) Men's spiritual blindness?
(4.) The nearness of heavenly protection? Ps. xxxiv. 7; Heb. i. 14.

"The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

"Fear him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care."

—*Tate and Brady*

PERSIAN CHARIOT.

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5. A Amos, Ont.,	76.05,	5th do	15.00
6. C. W. Butt, Que.,	58 10,	6th do	10.00
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